TO A CHINESE IDOL-

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Once you ruled, a god divine, In a sacred shady ahrine Near a river dark as wine 'Mid the trees; And to you the mandarins
With their smooth, unshaven chins,
Prayed absolvence from their slas, On their knees.

Tiny-footed Chinese maids, With their raven hair in braids, Sought you in your quiet shades 'Neath the boughs; Haply for a thousand years You beheld their smiles and tears L stened to their hopes and fears And their vows.

Now above her escritoire, In my lady's pink boudoir, Ever dumbly pining for You sit stolid, day by day, With your cheeks so thin and gray. Stony eyes and retrousse

Where the sunlight glinteth o'er Persian rug and polished floor You will frown forevermore, Grim as hate; A divinity cast down, Having neither shrine nor crown. Once a god, but now a brown Paper-weight.

Written for the Indianapolis Sentinel. META WOODRUF.

By Mrs. Addie Dettch Frank.

CHAPTER VII.

Next morning the sun shone out brightly, all the more so because of the rain the day before. Mrs. Woodruf, true to her word, was suffering with an imaginary headache, and Flo. much sgainst her will, was obliged to carry her breakfast up to her. Meta had insisted upon taking breakfast with her father, and he was only too glad to have her with him. After breakfast, when all were assembled in the drawing-room, Meta asked who was going to church.

"I am sorry, but I can not go, as Lina is not feeling well," said Mr. Woodruf.

"The family will have one representative, for I am going," replied Gertie. "I was never in a country church in my life, and now as I have such a splendid opportunity | tinued Mr. Woodruf. offered me, I shall take advantage of it

"If you will do me the honor of accepting my e-cort, Miss Harris, I shall be only too g'ad to accompany you," said Arthur.
"Are you sure, Mr. Braden, that you are not doing this because you feel sorry to see

me set off alone?" "Believe me, Miss Harris, it is not, but because I have a desire to attend church once

"To hear you talk one would think that you had not entered a church for years," re-

"It has been years since I was in a church like this, where every one seems to be think-ing of the same thing—that is, God and heaven. Not much like the temple of fashion I have been used to attending."

'Gertie, dear, you shall ride Whitie; and, Mr. Braden, I know papa will place his korse at your service. I almost envy you the ride, but, sir, you must be very careful of my c usin and let no harm befall her," inter-Meta was feeling a great deal better, and

rang through the room and penetrated to the rooms of Mrs. Woodruf, which were just shove the drawing room, making that lady feel rather uncomfortable.

was more like her old self. Her merry laugh

"Perbaps, Miss Woodruf, she rides better than Ido. and you had better place me under her care," said Arthur. "What do you say, Gertie?" asked Meta.
"That I would rather be a queen than her

subject: therefore, Mr. Braden, I am your "Believe me, Miss Harris, I feel highly flattered in having to fair a lady as you for

"Well, after all, I shall have the best. For have I not my father with me?" "You are right, Meta, there is no one like a father." replied Mr. Woodruf.

"Or like a mother, Uncle, when one has no father. I am going to get ready, Mr. Braden; we will see who is on their horse nist, you or L."

"I shall, of course, and be waiting for my feir protector, for was a woman ever known to be ready on time?"

Both went out and up the stairs together. In a few moments Gertie came down again. Mr. Woodruf had ordered the horses around to the front door, and he assisted Gert ie to mount Whitie. She was scarcely seated, when Arthur came burrying out. "Oh! Mr. Braden, I was first to be ready,

first in the saddle, and unless you catch me I shall be first at church," Gertie said, laugh-But before she was out of the park he was

by her side. Mr. Woodruf and his daughter watched them until they were out of sight; then seating themselves in wicker chairs on the porch. this fine, balmy Sunday morning, were both silent. As we already know, Mr. Woodruf did not

feel at ease in his daughter's presence since his marriage, and now when he sees her looking toward her mother's grave, with large tears in her eyes, his whole heart goes out to

Before Meta's mother died, she requested to be buried as near her home as possible; she could not bear to think of being taken from her loved ones. Her kind and loving husband did as she requested, and there before his eyes was the grave of his first love; while up stairs lay his bride, almost fierce in her anger with him for not having returned to her after breakfast was over. Lina made up her mind to send for her husband, and poor Flo was unwillingly pressed into service. It was while Mr. Woodruf and Meta were sitting on the porch, as we have seen them, that Flo delivered her message.

"You must return soon, papa, as I am all alone," said Meta." "Yes, trust me for that, little one," he answered, not knowing but what he was telling

the truth. Hour after hour passed by. Arthur and Gertie seturned, yet not until the dinner bell rang did Mr. Woodruf come down stairs. As he entered the room Meta did not look at him. She was afraid he might read in her face the disappointment she had felt all through the morning. She knew in her heart whose fault it had been that he did not return to her. Gertle and Arthur were giv-

ing an account of their delightful ride.

"Meta, I am sure that White is the nicest horse I ever rode," said Gertie.

"Of course, I think so; but I do not believe you could tell, if you tried, whether she trots, lopes or paces, as I am sure you would not be guilty of having any but the most religious thoughts on the Sabbath-at least, you look so. What do you think, Mr.

"I agree with you. Miss Woodruf; yet oks are sometimes very deceiving, and I

think they are so in this case."

"Oh! for shame, sir; yet. I do not think but what I ought to thank you for expressing your thoughts so truthfully, although they are not very flattering to a lady whose father was a minister," replied Gertie.

"Had I known that, Miss Harris, perhaps

I should not have expressed my opinion so

"Then you would not have given a true one, if you had allowed my father's calling to govern you in forming an opinion of his daughter. What say you, uncle?"

"That if my niece, Gertie Harris, is as good as she looks, she is entirely too good for the present company." "Oh, most noble flatterer, I-"

"Wait a moment; there was the little werd "if in my remark," said her uncle. "Then I am satisfied, for I want to be one of you the short time that I have left to remain at Woodruf Hall."

"Gertie, I wish you would make up your mind to remain with us all winter, this being the last we will spend here, as in another year Meta will be old enough to enter society, and of course this will be no place for of opinions. His godlessness has no

"You are wrong, papa," interrupted Meta.
"I have no desire whatever of becoming a society belle, to flirt, flatter and be flattered in fact, to become a heartless woman of fash-

"I hope you may never change your mind Mise Woodruf. It is seldom one comes in contact with such pure character as yours," interrupted Arthur. Oh. Braden, in another year you may

change your mind." "I hope not, sir, as we need more such young ladies as these two are. Then society would not be so corrupt, and there would be more happy homes," replied Arthur. He was right. This man, who had seen so

much of fashionable society, who had been knocked about from place to place, ought to know something about it. How many girls have entered fashionable society with pure minds and innocent hearts, and shy, simple manners, which won for them at the very beginning the admiration of all men and the batred of their own sex who were less favored? Some one tells them of this, they like it, and enter into this new life with the firm resolution of winning as many hearts as possible. What does a belle of society care how many hearts she breaks, or how many lives she wrecks? This is expected of

Do you not think that at the great day of reckoning before her God, she will have to give an account of all this? Some persons may say no, for they see no harm in it. Was it not a sin to almost break the heart of a true loving man, one who was but entering life with a glorious future before him. lacking only the help and love of a true wife to crown all his best hopes?

"As far as I am concerned, I would much rather keep my daughter all to myself," con-

How selfish you are dear papa. "I do not deny the charge, where you are concerned. If society would once lay claim to you, I feel confident that you would have no time to give me." "I am sorry papa, that you have no better

opinion of me than that,' "Come, little girl, do not be angry. promise to think next time before I speak." [CONTINUED IN TO-MORROW'S SENTINEL.]

The Philosophy of Hard Times.

In every civilized land, at this time, there s complaint that times are hard, truthfully remarks the New York Pribune. Everywhere the cause is said by many to be overproduction. But how can it be a curse to mankind to have the objects of human desire supplied in greater abundance and more | tester. His clothes were all pockets, just cheaply? If there is over-production all over the world, as some reason, that means merely that the supply of things useful for human happiness is greater all over the world than the present demand. In reply to this natural suggestion, we are told that a vast amount of labor has been caused, and that a great number of blessing brings ruin to many producers and | Maj sty's charities.' fo ces many employes to cut down wages, and curtails the ability of workers to consume products of other industries. Thus we are taught to believe that the progress of | course of action by Congress. science and invention is a progress toward human misery.

It is true, then, that machinery has displaced human labor? A century ago, relatively fewer persons were employed in any tively fewer persons were employed in any upon the misfortunes of the rest of the other avocation than in tilling the soil than world. If Russia and India have are now so employed. Machinery has created a new world; it has cheapened almost everything that man desires. It has brought within the reach of the humblest not only a vast number of products wholly unknown a century ago, but luxuries and comforts which a century ago even the rishest could not afford to commonly enjoy. Meanwhile cities. I do not expect, however, to see a has it displaced labor? On the contrary, it has made work for a vast population outside of the ruder arts which were formerly pursued. Has it displaced the shoemaker? No: more persons than ever before are making shoes, because more shoes are made and used cheapness permitting multitudes to wear them who formerly could not. So there are more sewing girls, in spite of sewing ma-

There are more farm workers, in spite of all the agricultural machines. There are more cotton and woolen and silk weavers, in spite of those numerous improvements which seem to do with steam and iron the work of human hands better than human hands could do it. And to crown all, the wages in all branches of labor have risen. In every occupation, from the rudest to the most skilled, from farm labor to the most delicate manipulation of tools and machinery, labor is far better paid in money than it was before the age of invention. And, moreover, each dollar of the money received will buy far more food than a dollar would have bought a century ago, far more clothing and more things for the supply of all human

Thus it is simply blundering to say that machinery does, or can, in the long run supplant or displace human labor. On the contrary, the use of machinery is limited only by the human labor that can be brought to employ it. Everp labor-saving invention enab es one human want to be more cheaply supplied, so that a part of the human isbor expended in satisfying it can be turned to the supply of other want. The overproduction theory, except as limited to a very narrow field, and within a narow compass of time, is altogether without four dation. The human race, as a whole, does not suffer because its powers of production are increased, or because its wants can be more easily and cheaply supplied, or because things needed for human comfort and use are more abundantly produced. Temporarily, and within some particular market, production may at times so far outrun the demand that a disturbance results. But this is not the phenomenon which we are now witnessing.

The Chandler-Jones Battle. |Chicago Herald.|

The mortal combat between Hon. B. F. Jones, Chairman of the National Republican Committee, and Hon. William E. Chandler, Secretary of the alleged Navy, appears to be a draw. Hon. Chandler hoped to be able to inveigle Hon. Jones aboard one of the Government butter-tube, but Hon. Jones pre ferred to meet Hon. Chandler at Philippi, by which is meant Concord, N. H., during the Senatorial joust. So here the dog-fight

The editor and publisher of The Spirit of the Times, N. Y., Mr. E. A. Buck, has used St. Jacobs Oil repeatedly with satisfactory BOB INGERSOLL.

Some Specimens of His Wit and Humor.

Washington Correspondence. It recently fell to the lot of your corres pondent to attend a stockholders' meeting of a corporation, in which Bob Ingersoll is an office-holder. That noted pagan presided over the deliberations of the would-be millionaires present. As usual he was full of sparkling fun, which is difficult to communicate on paper. The charm of that man is his overflowing good humor. People do not value ingersoll's opinions or wants attractions for the average man, but his abounding jollity just shuts out all effective disapproval. He is a man of big brain, bigger stomach and biggest capacity for forcing cheerfulness upon his hearers. His merry blue eye always contains the beginning of a smile that broadens out through the muscles around his mouth into a laugh and circles all over the surface of his great, broad, smooth face, as the waves caused by a summer breeze cover the waters of a wide lake. His short, half-pug nose, set right in the center of his visage, has always a funny wrinkle that makes perpetual speeches as to the never-failing sunshine of the man's disposition. His fat figure shows contentment and self-sausfaction in every ited England and became acquainted one of its round curves. His attitudes and gestures are constant expressions of the pent-up drolleries that are every minute struggling into expression, whether he stands before the public or is in the midst of a social company.

On the occasion now referred to Ingersoll told his associates that they had met practically to wind up the affairs of the corporation, which had proved a money-losing concern from the beginning. He went on to detail his own losses through his connection with it. Holding in his hand a list of the stockholders, and groaning in a serio-comic way, he exclaimed: "My eye rests on a name here which is very appropriate to a man who would go into such an enterprise as this. The name is Gosling-Henry A. Gosling.

The secretary of the meeting turned to a little delicate-featured, slender-framed man who sat near and said, "Henry, he's calling for you." Poor Mr. Gosling meekly responded, "That's all right." "Ah," said Ingersoll, "I didn't know Mr.

cosling was here. Well, the G in m ought to stand for Gooselet. Yes, I'll go back of the shell and say I'm unhatched." He then went on to set out in ludicrous terms the way he had been beguiled into putting his lost thousands into this unlucky business. "There was little Herron came to me with his head full of inventions and his pockets full of machines. He had in one pocket his paper made from palm that he'd wash and iron and fold as a laundry-woman would her clothes. In another pocket he had a dredging machine. He wanted to take the bottom out of the Potomac River. In another pocket he had a little gold washing machine for gold-mining on the Chestatee River. In another pocket he had a miniature train of cars, and railway, to illustrate his patent switch. In another pocket he had a paper pockets sewed together. They reminded me of the woman who wanted a cool dress, and said she believed she'd have it made of but-

ton-holes. In discussing the methods of an agent of the corporation, Ingersoll turned to one of the stockholders and said:

been displaced by machinery; that a gen-eral disturbance of the labor market has farthing was coined? I'll tell you the reason given for it by an Englishman. He said persons have been thrown out of employ- it was made for the convenience of the ment. The very change which some call a Scotch in making their contributions to His

Someone suggested that the present hard times, which had operated to the damage of the company, might be mitigated by a wise

"Pooh," said Ingersoll, "Congress is no more good to the business of the country than a pocket is in a shroud. We are largely dependent in this country for our prosperity a poor crop, we can sell enough wheat to make us all rich. The trouble is our cities are too big. Too many people are living by their wits instead of producing. My plan is to increase the number of that class that both consumes and produces, and diminish the non-producing class which gathers in the speedy end to business depression. With corn in Kansas at eight and ten cents a bushel and wheat lower than at any other time in twenty years we need look for no good times in the near luture. W. L. C."

The Original Richelieu.

Rome Letter to American Register. One of the dailies of the Eternal City calls attention to the fact that formerly there were other and more frequent occasions for betting than the fleetness of horses. Nine new Cardinals were nominated by the Pope, and last week were invested in the robes of their office and covered with the broad-brimmed, ugly Cardinal hats, and the journal in question tells us that in old days bets were as freely indulged in as to who would be Cardinal as they are now made in regard to what favorite herse will win. They even betted on the election of the Pope, and the Pontifical Gov-ernment in vain tried to put down this gambling propensity in the Romans. They might bet on cock fights, gamble in lotteries, and foolishly spend their money in a thousand demoralizing wagering ways, but it was a scandal to bet as to who would wear the triple crown or the ugly red hat. But when Sixtus V. ascended the Papal throne he took heroic measures. He was a Pope of infinite cunning and daring-two things that rarely go together; for the cunning man is generally a weak man physically, and hence lying, tergiversation and secrecy are his weapons. Sixtus V., you will remember, was, when a boy, a swineherd—though some deny it-and having risen through his own ability, by various grades, to the Cardinalship, he was finally elected Pope on the death of Gregory XIII. (1585). because it was thought by his fellow Cardinals that a man so infirm that he could not walk without crutches was already more than "on his last legs," and would soon have to give way for another Pope. But no sooner was he elected to the highest office in the church than he threw away his crutches. sang a Te Deum in a loud voice, and was as apparently renewed in youth as the poetic purified the Roman States of vagabonds and brigands who swarmed in them, he organized the public administration, and fixed the number of Cardinals at seventy, and took a prominent hand in almost everything going on in Europe. He excommunicated Henry of Navarre, and paid the it was he who caused Fortans to effecte the Egyptian obelisk that now adorns the semicircle before St Peter's. He built an aqueduct of thirty kilometers in length, which still brings water to Rome. He also took i eminently true, also, of abortion in cows,

care of his cash, for when he died he left to his heirs no less than \$5,000,000, which represented at that time a much larger sum than those figures show to day, i. e., about \$25,000,000. But one of the reforms which he brought about, and which required a greater firmness and vigor than many others, was the putting down of betting and gambling in certain lines. He would not stand betting on the election of Popes and the nomination of Cardinals.

FIGHTING FOR \$15,000,000.

Protracted Litigations Over Real Estate-What an Old Trunk Revealed. A dispatch dated Williamsport, Pa., De-

cember 30, says: Many persons here and in

Washington, D. C., remember Dr. William Cammack, who for nearly thirty years before his death was contesting his right to large property interests in Philadelphia and other cities in the State. Dr. Cammack came to this place in 1867. He died in 1881, leaving a power of attorney to Mr. John Bloon, a resident of this city, requesting that he continue the fight as long as there was the remotest chance of recovering the property. The story of the claim is as follows: In 1840 an Englishman named Thomas Hill, who was the owner of 123 acres of land in West Philadelphia, 377 acres at Middletown, Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, and 500 acres of valuable bottom land along the Delaware River, died intestate. The heirs-at-law were then living in England. In 1841 Dr. Cammack viswith the heirs. Not being familiar with this country, and having no desire to come here. the heirs made arrangements with Dr. Cammack to settle up the estate, giving him full power of attorney, and at the same time legally signing over to him one-half interest in the estate as his share for settling it up. Dr. Cammack immediately came to America and began operations at once to recover the property. He employed counsel, and after the necessary delay occasioned property was almost within his grasp, his lawyers abandoned the case. The Doctor afterward claimed that his counsel was bought off by those having possession at that time. Not in the least daunted, however, the fight was continued, and although a wealthy man at that time, the Doctor died trying to get possession of the property. | astray if it wanted to For the past three years Mr. John Bloon, who acts with power of attorney for Mrs. Cammack (the Doctor's widow), has continued the fight with considerable success. the only difficulty being during the pas to obtain the deeds of the property. A short time ago Mrs. Cammack was looking through the contents of an old trunk belonging to the Doctor when she discovered the deeds. They were immediately sent to Philadelphia to her counsel, who wrote her last week, stating that the property, which is estimated to be worth \$15,000,000, could now be discovered without difficulty. It is claimed by Mrs. Cammack that Judge Kelley and Judge Peters. of Philadelphia, have been for years, and are now living on her property. She also says that most of the property has been built upon, but that all of the buildings

Washington, D. C.

were erected on leased grounds, as neither

Judge Kelley nor Judge Peters can give a

title. The case is to be pushed immediately.

Dr. Cammack had seven children by his

General McDonald. [Jap Turpen in Peru Sentinel.] It falls to the lot of but few men to know the varied life that has opened to General McDonald. It might be placed upon the stage, for there are chapters that surpass the thrilling interest attaching to Dumas' immortal creation, "Edmond Dantes." Scene first might show McDonald as a successful courtier of the only American Presi-dent who was ever guilty of desiring a third term. Scene fourth, a prisoner indicted for and convicted of and guilty knowledge, wearing a zebra suit in the penitentiary. Scene fifth, an author contributing the most remarkable history in the language to the literature of the period. Scene sixth, as I found him to day, a book agent, differing from all other book agents on the planet, in that he is pleasant and interesting-one of the

mest companionable and entertaining per-

sons in the world. According to my philosophy our first impressions are usually correct. The great mutual "mash" that followed the introduction of the father of his country to Martha Curtis. Extensive inquiry has strength-ened me in the belief that this will hold good in most happy marriages. But I must restrain my pen that is addicted to speculation and confine it to the realistic. knew General McDonald as Colonel of the Eighth Missouri, as courageous a regiment as followed the flag-a command with which my regiment, the Eleventh Indiana, was chum. He was a splendid officer, respected by his superiors because of his accomplishments, and idolized by his men. I heard General McDonald make a speech during the holidays of 1861 at Paducah, Ky., to apopular andience of citizens and soldiers. I remember seeing him cross the swollen Cumberland in a feedbox for a canoe, carrying dispatches. when there was no other means of en experienced river man. His first thought | There's nothing like it." was to navigate the tide on a log, but finding a trough that had been abandoned by rebel hostlers made the passage with comfort and, as he has always claimed, the greatest safety. I remember seeing him under fire at Fort Donelson, and under fire again at Shiloh. I liked the looks of the fellow, "the cut of his jib." as an ancient Hibernian friend put it, from the beginning, and can well understand how President Grant could testify on the witness stand: "I have known McDonald intimately for twenty-six years.'

Frosts. [Breeders' Journal.] With the first advent of frost there is some danger to the breeding stock. It is a change that somes over their feed. The frosted grass taken into rheir stomachs is different from what they are accustomed to. Cows that are pregnants hould be kept off this grass until the sun has removed this frostsay until 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning, when imagination of Goethe made Faust to be | they can safely be turned out. The cows after his first interview with the devil. He | that have to come up to the house to be displayed great talent for government, he | milked can lay in the barnyard over night, and have a feed of dry hay in the morning. This will also tend to correct their bowels, as the frosty grass has a loosening effect.
Dry cows and heifers in calf can and should be put into a yard over night. This yard can be built in one corner of the pasture. The frosty grass is a frequent cause of same compliment to Queen Elizabeth abortion among cows, where they are perof England. He also did great mitted to eat it at will. One other class things for Rome in the line of of stock is liable to danger in fall, and utility and beauty. It was under him that it is the direct effect of the change the dome of St. Peter's was constructed, and in feed caused by the frosts. This class is the calves and yearlings, and the disease is black-leg. There are various causes for black-leg, and the causes are by no means similar, but the effect is the same. This is

which has more causes than any other discare smong cattle. Black-leg in this case sttacks the young animals from a change in their blood, caused by a change of food The frost destroys part of the feeding qualities of the grass The animal gets a set back in its condition; it becomes sluggish; its blood is thick and does not circulate very freely. The blood is a very dark, purplish color. The progress of the disease is now most rapid A lameness appears in one leg, and in twenty-four or thirty-six hours the animal is dead. Preventive measures are the only thing that can be done. Saltpeter, given in small doses with the sait, thins the blood and tends to keep the system in order. They can be kept up over night ih a dry yard or shed until frost is off the grass in the morning, and fed some corn stalks or hay-a little grain will not hurt them-and so kept that there will not be any radical change in their system. It is the ups and downs in condition that cause the disease. The fattest are the most liable to be taken.

Puzzles for Postmen.

[Minneapolis Tribune.] The mails bring many curious things to the Postoffice of a large city like Minneapo-Hardly a day passes without some od. dity in the shape of the superscription of an envelope. Yesterday a letter was received from England, bearing the following explicit directions, with a little request to hurry the thing along. The name of the

Immediate. Care Mr. ---Wyzata, Minnespolis, Near St. Paul, N. America.

person addressed is omitted:

The letter at present is in a fair way to reach its destination. Not infrequently it bappens that a foreigner, writing to a friend in this city, omits the names of the town thereby, and at a time when the and State, giving nothing but the number of the house, the name of the street and "North America." The letter goes immediately to the dead-letter office, where, by means of a huge street and number directory, skilled clerks ascertain that the missive was intended for Minneapolis, Minn., and accordingly ferwarded to this city. It would seem very poor, having spent his entire fortune in | as if it were pretty hard for a letter to go

> Mild Buildozing. [Connersville Examiner.]

"The question now arises as to whether or not the employer should stand by the men who have done all in their power to ruin their business. It seems to us that the men who tried to save disaster should be looked after first,"-Times.

The above appeared in the T mes shortly after the election, and it would seem that the editor of the organ advocated the discharge of men employed by Republicans who did not vote as they were requested by their employers Still be claims to be the friend of the workingman, but at the same time, if he had it in his power, he would doubtless discharge every Democrat in this city from their present positions. We venture to assert that his gall bag has burst long ere this.

> Society Girls on Crutches. [Washington Letter.]

first wife, four of whom are now living in Miss Tillie Frelinghuysen is so much improved in health as to be able to hobble down stairs on crutches and assist in some of the social duties. She will, however, probably be again a sufferer from this renewed use of the lame knee, for the physicians say she will not be well in many months unless she positively gives up exercise. It is a singular coincidence that another young lady of prominence in society, Miss Mary Pendleton, daughter of the Senator, is also obliged to walk with crutches. men of affairs in St. Louis and along the | Her injury was from an unlucky step while Mississippi River. Scene second, a gallant | playing lawn tennis last summer, spraining soldier in command of the Eighth Missouri | her ankle, from which injury she has not, regiment, that he had equipped out of his to the great regret of her friends, yet reprivate fortune. Scene third, the favored covered.

Beware

Of violent purgatives. They must inevitably impair the well-being of the system, if much used, Irregularity of the bowels is remediable without their aid, and they enfeeble those organs. Hosstetter's Stomach Bitters are not only a laxative but a tonic. No subsequent medication is needed, as in the case of powerful catharties, to repair the violence of their effects. Blue pill and calomel are never safe in the long run; and there are other medicines taken to regulate the liver and bowels which are hurtful to both. Long experience has proved the Bitters to be safe and salutary majority of people worthy our love we love as well as potent. They brace up the system at sight. It was an immediate as well as when enfeebled, thus guarding it from disease, (particularly malarial complaints), remedy the weakness and inactivity of a dyspeptic stomach, improve appetite, and tend to tranquilize overtaxed nerves. They have also won repute as a remedy for rheumatism and kidney troubles.

> In many portions of Europe, where labor s plentiful and cheap, with the land closely occupied, the drilling of small grains is generally followed. They are dilled far enough apart so that the space between the drills may be hand cultivated.

The last of the Mohicans is considered by many persons the best of Cooper's writings, just as Mishler's Herb Bitters is considered the best family medicine in existence. "I call it my medicine chest," writes Mr. Charles Marshell, of Marshelltown, Iowa, It cored my wife of a severe case of influer za, my youngest son was entirely cured of an affection of the kidneys that caused transportation at hand. It was a him great distress, and I myself found imrisky business, but he was young and mediate relief from an attack of indigestion.

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